Shakespeare's personages are always of compelling interest, even within the limitations imposed within 'the three hours' traffic' of a single play. But how much more fascinating it is in those instances where they re-appear in a second, sometimes even in a third, play, to follow their fortunes and observe how character broadens under wider vicissitude, where the spectrum of emotion and action may display itself more freely. With this increased range, something of a pattern of development in character is more readily discernible, imposed partly by the exigencies of the playwright, partly shaped by the creative dynamism of the poet, and to some extent determined by known historical truth, to which even so free an adapter as Shakespeare is finally answerable, if in broad outline. For it is in the historical plays that this pattern occurs; and most commonly in the close sequence of the Chronicles, especially those two tetralogies which cover the history of the English crown uninterruptedly from the late fourteenth to the late fifteenth centuries. Yet the term 'historical' must be allowed to include the two Roman plays Julius Caesar and Antony and Cleopatra at the least: their historicity, unlike that of Coriolanus or Titus Andronicus, is at least as valid as that of the English sequence. That they are themselves in close sequence (for all their difference in theme and treatment) is undeniable: the events at the beginning of the second play are felt to derive immediately from those at the close of the first; and both are concerned with (among other issues) the figure of the world dominator, the man who 'doth bestride this petty world/Like a Colossus'.

Generally, a strong, and often an unsympathetic, character emerges in the course of the first play; he intrigues and fights his way to power, single-mindedly and more or less ruthlessly, usually to the detriment of the legitimate or at least the established ruler; and he becomes in the later play himself the target, and sometimes the victim, of just such a man as he had himself been: young, vigorous and confident. By this time, his exercise of statecraft and perhaps belated stirrings of conscience have wearied and embittered him; and though he must react, and may do so firmly, it is with a divided mind and a disillusioned heart. It is the sour paradox which Macbeth presciently recognises: bloody instructions, being taught, return to plague the inventor. Already, as early as Henry VI part 3 and Richard III, Shakespeare had conceived the figure of Richard of Gloucester
plotting and murdering his way to the English crown, only to have another contendent wrest it from him as bloodily. It must be said, however, that much of the rise of Richard, as well as his fall, is confined to the play which bears his name, with those brief appearances in Henry VI Part 3 serving only as a sinister prologue; moreover, Henry of Richmond is presented in an exclusively sympathetic light, as much the redeemer and champion of a suffering England as Malcolm was to be of a Scotland terrorised by Macbeth. It is with the second Richard and his overmighty cousin and vassal Henry of Bolingbroke (who claims indeed to be acting on behalf of an oppressed country, but insincerely) that the pattern asserts itself more firmly. Between the plays Richard II and Henry IV Parts 1 and 2, there is a steady shift in perspective and focus; time and circumstance switch the roles of agent and victim, so that the wasteful and unjust king Richard becomes in retrospect a 'sweet lovely rose' to avenge whose death (in theory) a host of powerful nobles rise in arms, whereas the former darling of the crowds, Bolingbroke, is now seen as a thorn, a canker to be destroyed by the very magnates that had set him up in power; these in turn have their own candidate, a chivalrous and gifted soldier, generous in his youthful spirits and universally admired. Analogously, though in reverse. Bolingbroke's son Hal, to all appearance a wastrel, dissolute and anarchic, develops into the perfect king, embodying the energy and aspirations of his subjects. Like his father, he has three plays for his progress, though the third — some minor action quickly disposed of — is purely triumphal in character. In comic counterpoint to this pattern are the fortunes of Falstaff, whose bulk also has three plays to sprawl in; but while he shares two with Hal, whose foil he is in so many respects, the third is his own. Throughout, there is a regression; as more, and more searching, scrutiny is brought to bear, the charm and vitality wear a little thin; and even if we are led to question whether the Falstaff at Windsor is at all the same man as the Sir John of Eastcheap and Gadshill — he is neither particularly witty in himself nor the cause that much wit is in other men — yet the changes have already occurred between the two parts of Henry IV; between and during, it should be said. If The Merry Wives of Windsor is to be considered a Falstaff play, it constitutes an exception (such as proves the rule) to the pattern, in that it is a self-contained farce, not at all concerned with power, political intrigue and warfare civil or international. And it is with these that we must deal.

Indeed, the Roman plays we are to discuss reflect the same concerns as the chronicle plays, only writ large; it is not the nation, however dear, but the world which is at stake. And if the stage is that much the greater, so correspondingly are the actors; and every device of the poet-playwright is called into play to amplify character and event. Yet there is little here of the epic mode and less of the grandiose and hollow heroics with a corrupt French taste was to make fashionable in England within the century. The setting is Rome: Rome in both its aspects, as the world-city, and the
Roman world. The first is, appropriately, the background of Julius Caesar — indeed it is a fitting backdrop to him and to the conservative Roman virtues of the conspirators; as the theme grows increasingly imperial, the action must leave the claustrophobic confines of the urbs and play itself out against the universal panorama which is now the newer Rome, the real Rome. The conflict between the two Romes is, in some sort, the matter of that play; while the vertiginous rushing to and fro between three continents, with land marching and sea fighting, and the dimension of air itself invaded by the sheer mass of the protagonists — all these typify a world stamped with the Roman sigil; stamped so firmly that even as self-consciously exotic a character as Cleopatra, the antithesis to Roman intransigence and rigidity, when she enters upon a ritual of apotheosis (it is scarcely felt to be less), does so 'in the high Roman fashion.' And Antony her compeer, at once the epitome and the negation of Romanitas, is in the end not shamed in defeat: 'A Roman by a Roman valiantly vanquished.' Yet the paradoxes multiply: the final tableau is esoteric — in Roman terms, bizarre and outrageous. Or is it simply that the Roman imperium cannot compass Elysium?

The Mark Antony whom we meet in Julius Caesar certainly has no Olympian associations; he is allowed to emerge only very gradually from the ranks of Caesar's friends, and then in no very heroic light. He appears, it is true, as early as the second scene, and is constantly in the mind of the leading characters, but the emphasis of thought and tone throughout the first two acts is subtly directed — and at times not so subtly — towards a depreciation of his worth and ability. Not that there is any deliberate falsification; Cassius, 'a keen observer', is wary of him as a potential threat, and says as much more than once. But Shakespeare has been very careful to let us see him, in the main, through the indulgent eyes of Caesar or the dismissive one of Brutus; he is an intimate of Caesar's, indeed, but one whom the dictator treats as a young man about town, frivolous, self-indulgent, not to be taken too seriously: a playboy. And the assessment is one in which Brutus — and most Romans? — concur. As against this, it is Antony who offers Caesar 'a kingly crown' — and on a particularly public occasion; more, he is insistent. This has its effect with Cassius, who moreover fears him, not only for the 'ingrafted love he bears to Caesar', but also for the 'means' at his disposal which make him a considerable danger. Brutus, as opinionated as most 'noble' men, refuses to consider Antony dangerous; he will not have him killed with Caesar when Cassius urges that their security demands no less. Rather, generous to the point of folly, sympathising with Antony's very real sorrow over the haggled body of Caesar, he permits him to speak at Caesar's funeral. And unleashes havoc: the rousing of the plebs to hysterical fury against the assassins of Caesar, the flight of these from Rome; the proscription of their friends and well-wishers left behind; the mustering of a force sufficient to pursue and eventually defeat them, and their own desperate
suicides after the frustration of all their lofty hopes for Rome and for the world: all these stem from Brutus' short-sightedness, from a tragic mis-assessment of the “playboy” Antony. Caesar had been killed so that Rome should not 'stand under one man's awe'; lest he should be crowned king and exercise total tyranny, over-riding the free Roman spirit and suppressing the aristocratic oligarchy which had obtained since the time of the first Brutus and his expulsion of the original Tarquin kings, centuries earlier.

Yet already, by the end of Julius Caesar, most of the Roman liberties had been forfeited; the grip on the state of the triumvirate was far stronger and more pitiless than Caesar's had ever needed to be; and a deliberate policy of pogrom and repression had been instituted. There are clear hints, certainly, of disharmony even within the triumvirate, indications of unrest and petulance which bode ill for the new stability of the world-city, the seeds of that disunity that makes much of the interest in Antony and Cleopatra where, after much suspicion, intrigue, treachery, politicking and — inevitably — war, Rome and the world end up more absolutely under one man's awe than ever. To all this, Antony has been the catalyst.

Our first glimpse of him is interesting even visually. It is the feast of the Lupercalia, and the dictator-for-life Caesar, accompanied by a press of patricians and senators of the Roman republic — among them several men who soon enough reveal themselves to be disaffected to his regime — is combining an official religious ceremony with something like a personal triumphal progress. He is not unaware of the resentment, muzzled yet smouldering, in some of his train, notably Cassius, and he calls his military commander and close friend to him for private instruction. Antony, Master of Caesar's horse, is not here in his military capacity, nor is he in uniform. For that matter, he is not even in civilian dress — the long laticlave tunic and formal toga of a senator which one might call the Roman equivalent of morning coat and striped trousers. Rather he is in a singlet and running shorts; that is, he is dressed 'for the course' in the sacrificial version — a brief kilt or wraparound of wolfskin: his function in the ceremony being to run through the crowded streets hitting out at the bystanders with thongs in a traditional ritual of fertility. This neither invests him with any particular dignity — other athletic young men, similarly dressed, would be running with him — nor robs him of any, since it is a religious act. It does, perhaps, serve visually to pick him out from the more staidly garbed citizenry. That he should be among the first to be addressed by Caesar, and therefore identified by the audience, has its weight too, dramatically. He steps forward, receives his master's instructions with a nice blend of deference and affection, thus setting the tone of his attitude to Caesar, and promises compliance cheerfully. Later, he will offer him a crown, we hear — and it does not surprise us that it should be he, whether it is done through hero-worship, contrivance or irresponsibility; the options are still open, at this stage. In the meantime, Caesar's ob-
ervation has given us some insight of a more particular nature: in contradistinction to Cassius, he loves plays; he hears music; his manner is generally affable and reassuring — he is prompt in smoothing Caesar's irritable suspicions, generous (if superficial) in his judgment of Cassius. At least overtly: there is a suggestion, in Caesar's invitation to be more candid — 'tell me truly what thou think'st of him' — that Antony has merely been making conventional reassuring noises. And he departs the stage in close conference with Caesar, as the audience cannot fail to notice.

When, the conspiracy well under way, Decius Brutus suggests that killing Caesar may not in itself be enough to restore the pristine order to Rome, Cassius is quick to let us know his opinion of Antony, and his summing-up shows that he does, in fact, 'look quite through the deeds of men'. Antony, he feels, should not be permitted to survive his master, and he adduces three reasons: he is 'a shrewd contriver', he has 'means' — troops, power, prestige, wealth, influence, experience, following, and qualities of leadership as well as strategic ability — which constitute a vast threat to a state run by the murderers of Caesar since (the third reason) he is devotedly loyal to Caesar, and will undoubtedly employ those means to bring about their ruin. This point, the 'love' used in the strongest unself-conscious Shakespearean sense — is given great stress by Cassius' insistence on it. But Brutus will have none of it: to him, 'Antony is but a limb of Caesar's', powerless without his master to animate him. Cassius' further protest is swept aside, and Antony dismissed from consideration as one more 'like to die' out of ineffectual mourning than live to be his avenger; one, moreover, 'given to sports, to wildness and much company': with all that that entails to the Puritanically sober Stoic. Trebonius compounds the error: Antony is no danger, far too shallow in character; probably treat it all as a huge joke one day. That they are both disastrously wrong, the conclusion confirms: but Shakespeare makes it clear that such is Antony's public reputation; his 'deeds' have given him no other, and only a Cassius can look beyond them to the inflexible will behind the hedonistic facade. Again, on the morning of the fatal Ides, Caesar's comment on the belated arrival of Antony to escort him to the Capitol, jocular in tone, is in keeping with this popular image of him. Antony has been revelling all the night, as usual; he's managed to present himself in time for Caesar's levee — just — no doubt with a hangover, and he good-humouredly — as well as respectfully — acknowledges the nudge. And very likely accepts the breakfast cup of wine that his master offers all round; the hair of the dog, perhaps. So that our last picture of Antony — winecup in hand, joking with his admired Caesar — fits in with the image Shakespeare has adroitly fobbed on us. And it is the last we see of that Antony.

Dramatically, of course, nothing could better be calculated to disarm any lingering suspicion in the minds of the tense conspirators; or equally, to put the audience off the track. This
Antony, we all feel, is assuredly no threat; to be safe, Trebonius will be commissioned to draw him aside from the proximity of Caesar in those fatal five minutes or so — why ask for trouble? After all, the stress of the moment might make the impulsive Antony react violently — as it might anybody. But there is little fear that, once Caesar is dead, he will not take the line of least resistance and acquiesce in the \textit{fait accompli}; after a few maudlin tears, it may be. So the conspirators must think; and so, on the available evidence must we. Cassius' misgivings? But we all know men like that, hypertensive, neurotically suspicious: born worriers. No, clearly, on the evidence, Antony is what he is believed to be: a competent soldier, no doubt — he is of the officer class and tradition, after all; an intimate, even a \textit{protegé} of Caesar's having the influence that good family and field rank must command; but essentially frivolous, a womaniser, a heavy drinker, spoilt, self-indulgent, dissolute; in a word, effete. One of the 'chariot-set', one of the archetypal members of the eternal city's eternal \textit{dolce vita}.

The watershed — of the play as of Antony's character, and the connexion is deliberate — is the murder of Caesar; once more the hour produces the man. Though his first reaction is one of shock — which is what Trebonius means when he reports him as having fled to his house 'amazed' — within a few minutes he has come to terms with a totally unforeseen crisis and is putting out feelers to gauge the situation, in order to take the necessary counter-measures: inevitably, he must 'play it by ear' for a while. Which is to say that he is in the best sense of the word, an opportunist, sure of himself when the walking is most wary. His own nobility of character no doubt prompts the balanced dignity of his message to Brutus; it is no cynicism however to see a strong will to survive in the overtures he makes to him. On the one hand, he insists on being 'satisfied', as the mob itself does, and his support is conditional on that; on the other, he knows the temperament of his man — it is significant that he addresses himself specifically to Brutus. The 'noble Brutus' is far more likely to be swayed by an appeal which stresses the worth and honest inflexibility of the appellant. As of course he is, to the extent of being moved to call him 'a wise and valiant Roman', with all the value that Brutus attaches to that noun. Policy and dignity are well combined with tact, and the approach works with Brutus as it would not have done if Cassius might have ruled'. Indeed Cassius remains unconvinced and apprehensive, though he is willing to let his native distrust (which he has nevertheless learnt to rely on) be overridden by his stronger-minded brother-in-law. Antony, when he appears under safe-conduct (prudent man that he is), broadens and refines on the ambivalent attitude his message had indicated; again compounded of the spontaneous and the insincere, though the first is deftly made to subserve the second. Sorrow, pity, horror, shock are combined with a reasonable and dignified demand for justification. How much of his invitation to the
conspirators to kill him too at such a moment is genuine emotional reaction, and how much it is calculated appeal to the sentiments of Brutus, in the sure knowledge that such a man would shrink from such a deed, it is neither possible nor profitable to speculate. Very likely both elements are there; he subordinates his real feelings to expediency, perhaps, or presents them in such a way that they are morally irresistible to Brutus. That he considers him, at least, to be one of 'the choice and master spirits of this age', I do not think we need doubt; for the rest ... We must remind ourselves too that he has been at some pains to prepare his ground; that safe-conduct is binding with a Brutus. In all conscience it is, as he is quick to make clear, a damnable situation for him. 'My credit now stands on such slippery ground / That one of two bad ways you must conceive me: / Either a coward or a flatterer'. Rather than dissemble his love for Caesar, he emphasises it, apostrophising the mangled corpse before the murderers, and only then turning to address them. His eulogy over Caesar's body is sincere — but with a man like Brutus, sincerity is the only policy; this bears repeating. If his emotions run away with him (but do they?), he catches himself up in time to reassure the impatient Cassius; he does so adroitly, yet persists in his request for 'satisfaction'. He is, at any rate, sufficiently master of himself to make a further request — casually, as it were: he would like to deliver the formal eulogy (customary with any man of eminence) over the body to the assembled plebs. Cassius' immediate demurral is again brushed aside by Brutus' generosity, but even Brutus has enough prudence to impose provisos and limitations. To these, Antony accedes — he can do no other. Once alone with the corpse, nevertheless, he makes it abundantly clear that he does not intend to abide by his word. He is not concerned with the philosophical abstractions of Rome and freedom which have animated Brutus so powerfully; rather is he driven by a savage and implacable desire for revenge, bloody and terrible — 'havoc' is his word. Private love is of infinitely more worth to him than public weal: though the love for a world-figure such as Caesar has something of the transcendental, almost the religious, about it, we are made to feel. His control is sufficient for him to contain his zeal; he can bide his time, bottling in even so elemental a passion: his head is master of his heart, though only the better to assuage it in the end. Both are of an intensity of strength unsuspected in the 'reveller' of the first acts. Meanwhile, the repulsive charade must be carried through; he has had to make a show of being 'meek and gentle with these butchers', even to shaking each man by 'his bloody hand': a triumph of will over aversion such as will be remarked on by Octavius Caesar in the second play. And it is at this juncture that Octavius enters the play, if only by proxy; Antony, firm and decisive amid the turbulence of his passions, gives quick directions for the safe bestowal of Octavius and lays the grounds for an offensive and defensive alliance with him against 'these bloody men'; even as the tears stream
down his face. In one brief scene, then, our entire image of Antony has been subverted: a crisis has shown him to be intellectually and morally strong, determined, far-sighted, quick to seize advantage, adroit in the face of hostility, courageous yet prudent, totally assured, mightily impassioned, at once ardent and cool-headed; above all, master of himself when bayed about with enemies. All the qualities latent in him are instantly and skilfully deployed with vigour and decisiveness; the hedonist is submerged in the man of action. For a while, anyway.

How this paragon turns the tables on the massed number of his enemies is a familiar story. In the face of a mob newly persuaded by the overt nobility and rational argument of Brutus, and consequently hostile to himself, and in the teeth of the conservative aristocracy of Rome — one man against the world — he sets out on the task of re-conquest. With an assured knowledge of (and an underlying contempt for) the Roman mob, he plays on their sentimentality, their hero-worship of the dictator, their cupidity, their herd-instinct, their love of destruction in turn; with cold-blooded detachment he whips them up into a hysterical frenzy and sic's them onto the conspirators. It is a fine — if chilling — exercise in rhetorical control; Hitler’s recorded rallies at Nuremburg spring to mind as a parallel. As an instrument of vengeance, Antony is appallingly effective; as a moral man ... he sets mischief afoot, engineers civil riot, arson, looting, and wholesale murder, as the mob runs amok. Certainly, he achieves his ends: the conspirators’ houses are assaulted and gutted, they themselves forced to flee from the City in fear for their lives. By the time the orgy of hate and blind destruction has spent itself, and the situation has returned to some degrees of normality, the Caesarians are in command. For not least of the effects of Antony’s speech and its aftermath is the creating of a power vacuum, into which Antony and Octavius have neatly stepped: the plebs have got into the habit of absolute government under Caesar — how it must have horrified Brutus to hear the crowd suggest that he should become Caesar; and a continuity with the earlier regime has been established by those who, by the association of friendship or kinship, and chiefly by the assertion of naked power, are Caesar’s heirs. Young Octavius (more properly Octavianus; Augustus as he is to be) has the name and the blood — a collateral relation officially adopted by Caesar, whose prestige and loyalties he in some sort also inherits; Antony has the effective control of Rome, the command of Caesar’s armies, of whom he is an experienced leader, and the temperament — newly discovered — to organise on a large scale. Moreover, he has acted, and been seen to act, as Caesar’s avenger; indeed, he is still so engaged. And he has the hard-bitten practicality — another newly revealed trait — to make unpopular political decisions, and the ruthlessness to carry them out. It is he who co-opts the millionaire aristocrat Lepidus — for coldly expedient reasons of his own — to the new Com-
mittee of Three, set up on the model of the earlier Triumvirate of Caesar, Pompey the Great and Crassus. And it is he who dominates this committee: Octavius, whose extreme youth and inexperience are constantly stressed (even, with less justice, in the later play) is content for the time to be guided; to sit back and learn from the older man. It is an apprenticeship in realpolitik; Antony proves a surprisingly apt teacher; the pupil will in turn prove to be a fatally gifted learner, surpassing his tutor. But that is for the future. So far, he participates and assents in the new policy of power, approving a series of proscriptions that will ruthlessly rid them of all opposition within the newly-established totalitarian state. It is, at the least, a cold introduction to the ethics of power. Lepidus part too is chiefly to acquiesce in decisions already made by the senior partners; and, as Antony cynically remarks, 'to be sent on errands', as 'a slight unmeritable man'. Even so, he displays, as such men will, a small-minded petulance which Antony coolly indulges for a while: Antony's nephew Publius must die, if Lepidus' brother is to be condemned; it is all very chilling; the earlier harshness of Antony might be excused, springing as it did out of savage desire for revenge of a superman much loved. But this detached trafficking for lives, this organising of murder-lists almost by computer ... well, again this is an unsuspected Antony. The murder has coarsened as well as hardened Caesar's protégé. Meantime, he sneers at the absent Lepidus; and when Octavius naively remarks that 'he is a tried and valiant soldier', Antony shrugs this off as of no account. It is a dangerous lesson for Octavius to learn: dangerous for Antony, who is himself pre-eminently a soldier of courage and experience. If these count for so little ... Octavius will remember. Meanwhile, he allows Antony to direct both the civil administration and the military preparations.

The assassins of Caesar are duly pursued and forced to give battle at Philippi. Antony, the skilled strategist, has expected his opposite number Cassius to be directing the enemy forces, and has laid his plans accordingly. He is not to know that the half-baked theorist Brutus has now established such moral dominance over his partner, for all that he rightly claims to be 'the older soldier', abler than Brutus 'to make conditions', that Cassius reluctantly lets himself be overruled by Brutus' sophistries. Interestingly, Octavius makes capital of this apparent misreading of enemy strategy to twit Antony rather childishly, but his confidence is not to be shaken; a good practical psychologist, he sees through the bravado of the manœuvre and is contemptuous of the enemy morale. In turn, he marshals their own troops and assigns posts of responsibility. Again Octavius asserts himself, rather more firmly this time, though to as little practical purpose: he declines command of the left flank of the Caesarian army, to which Antony has assigned him, and insists on the right; apparently for no better reason than that he 'will have it so'. Or at least so he replies to Antony's irritated query: 'Why do you cross me in this exigent?' The manner is con-
ciliatory, but the substance is hard to digest. The moment is too critical for debate, and the point not vital; but it is an ominous detail, and Antony doubtless frowns a little. In the parley which immediately follows — which soon turns into a slanging match, as it must inevitably have done between characters and intentions so much at variance — Antony is by turns arrogantly confident, hotly indignant and sneeringly offensive: vengeance is within his grasp, but the fires still burn within him. There is little in him at this point of the 'masker' and 'reveller' that Cassius casts in his teeth.

Battle once joined, the outcome is what Shakespeare has led us to expect. Brutus is soldier enough to drive back the 'peevish school-boy' Octavius, but fails to press his advantage home by co-ordinating with Cassius' troops; these in turn are surrounded and decimated by the war-wise Antony, who uses his army and his victory to better tactical purpose. The major conspirators are driven to their deaths, fighting in battle or falling on their swords, dying all like Romans. As we shall remember. What survivors there remain are mopped up and, in most cases, treated with military courtesy and Roman generosity by Antony, no man to bear a grudge towards faithful servants of a brave, if hated, enemy. This too sets up later echoes. The field cleared of live foe-men, it only remains for a eulogy to be said over the dead Brutus. That it should be Antony to deliver it is in many ways dramatically inevitable: he has been the principal avenger, the irreconcilable enemy, the unrelenting pursuer; the moving spirit and the fatal hand. His too is the only figure left alive of comparable stature; Brutus may not be properly mourned by one of lesser worth. But there are other considerations. Generous tribute glorifies not only the dead hero; it honours the living speaker. Antony speaks for all noble Romans when he calls Brutus "the noblest Roman of them all". And in its frank acknowledgment that Brutus had not been motivated by anything but love for the public good, Antony is making a notable concession; one he would not have made to Brutus alive. This, to be sure, is by way of eulogy, a blend of regret, pity, admiration; and a sigh for the inevitable end of a mighty opponent. The last words uttered over Brutus, "the elements/So mixed in him that Nature might stand up, / And say to all the world, this was a man" perhaps reflect as much the complexity of Antony as the simplicity of Brutus. For if ever a character lived in whom the elements were richly and variously compounded, at odds with each other, Antony is he.

Once this note has been struck, Shakespeare allows a dying fall. Again it is dramatically fitting that a relatively minor figure should round off the play; but it is peculiarly interesting that Octavius should end this play. He endorses Antony's judgment of Brutus, arranges for his honourable interment, and orders the victorious army to stand down. He, not Antony, is indefinably felt to be the commander-in-chief. His is the name, his most properly the cause of the dead Caesar: the troops fight under that name as under a banner. True.
without the leadership, practical and moral, of Antony, they are nothing. Once victory has been gained, however, Antony — it might be thought — has served his purpose, and the sway of the world is once more Caesar's. In fact, even to suggest this at this stage is to exaggerate grossly: the immediate prospect is fair, all promises well; there are 'the glories of this happy day' to be shared out among the triumvirs — no less than the Roman World, and the riches thereof. Nevertheless, the seeds of dissonance are there, sown in the very soil of triumph; and dimly, as it were far off, a pattern of events can be made out which bodes little good for Antony. Octavius has the last word in this play; he will have the last word in the later play too, in dismally similar circumstances. But then, the great fallen adversary, regretfully admired and all but grudgingly mourned, will be Antony himself.

For the present, only one figure bulks large against the twilight at Philippi, though there is in him a diversity of personalities: the unappeasable avenger who has somehow become the ruthless power-seeker; the cynical realist who is also the chivalrous victor; the passionate friend who for a time has played the cool opportunist; finally, the amiable debauché who is now one of the masters of the world. Not wholly admirable in his qualities, nor entirely steadfast in his virtues; guilty of rabble-rousing, incitement to civil riot, mayhem and murder on one occasion, damnable as a conscienceless dealer in human lives on another; and, the crisis past, liable to backslide to his self-indulgent self. But, take him for all in all, in the austere context of *Julius Caesar*, as much of a heroic figure as the dusk of disillusion will permit. The greater Antony is to come.


**EDITOR’S NOTE:** *Antony: The Shakespearean Colossus — Part II* will appear in *HYPHEN* Number 3.